

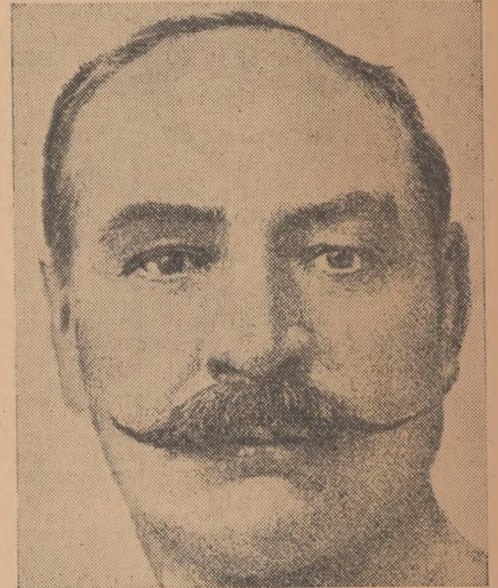
W. H. MILLIER says

GOLDEN AGE OF BOXING

## HERE'S THE SECRET OF THE WORLD BEATERS

Englishman showed how—but we forgot

JEM  
MACE  
SHOWED  
THE WAY



SINCE writing my discourse on the deterioration of boxing skill, I have discovered that there was a dearth of fistic talent in this country round about the period of the Boer War. I have found a recorded talk by Mr. A. F. ("Peggy") Bettinson on the decline of English champions. The date of it is 1902, but it reads as if it might well be 1942.

This is Bettinson speaking: "It may be well for me to suggest, in the first place, that the present apparent decline in English boxing is little more than one of those passing fluctuations which are natural to any popular sport. Neither English cricketers, footballers, nor jockeys maintain an invariable level of excellence. Unsuccessful years interpose themselves between periods of prosperity, and the very moment of apparently hopeless decline is in reality the moment of revival."

True, enough, there was certainly a revival soon after this period.

"American boxers show their superiority over ours because they have absorbed and put into practice that very style and those very tactics which once made English boxers the superiors of the world. I say that why boxers are beaten by Americans is because they have discarded their own style, and, what is more singular, they remain obstinately unaware of it."

"I may lay it down as an undeniable maxim that there is only one style of boxing. That style found, probably, its most perfect exponent in Jem Mace. It is to Jem Mace's method and tactics that the present generation of American boxers owe their superiority."

**JEM MACE AND HIS PUPILS.** "The truth of this must be followed in its practical workings through two continents. First Australia. Mace went there at the end of his active career. He became proprietor

of an hotel and soon attached a boxing saloon. To this boxing saloon may be traced the first step towards the present-day proficiency of Australian and American boxers. It was in this saloon that Mace taught Larry Foley all that he knew of the art of self-defence, which was everything worth knowing. In Foley he found not only an apt, but a consummate pupil. He also taught Fitzsimmons. Larry Foley, in his turn, became a teacher, and produced Peter Jackson, Jim Hall, Dan Creedon, Young Griffo and many others."

We know that Peter Jackson had a long and successful stay in America, and his style and ring tactics were speedily copied. Bob Fitzsimmons followed, and as he, too, boxed in the Mace style, American boxers benefited considerably. There were other almost equally good exponents of the English style who taught American boxers, notably Billy Edwards,

a native of Manchester, and Arthur Chambers.

It is the old story of the pupil eventually succeeding in licking his master. In boxing this is what we may expect to see. To trace the results step by step would take a very long time, but I trust I have conveyed the main essential truth in this mere outline and may return to the subject as the various champions come up for review.

It is a fact that we have had to thank visiting American boxers in more than one generation for re-introducing the best elements of the English style into its country of origin. The most outstanding example that I can recall at the moment, although there were many notable earlier ones, is Packey McFarland.

**CHAMPION WITHOUT A TITLE.**

Perhaps it is true to say that for stylish skill McFarland was the cleverest boxer at any weight that came here from America. I have only to mention that he was never beaten in the whole of his career, which ran from 1904 to 1915 (and remember that this was indeed a vintage period) for it to be realised that he was an outstanding performer. Yet, strange as it may sound, McFarland never held a championship title.

This calls for an explanation. In McFarland's day there was no control of any sort. Champions brought the capitalisation of their titles to a fine art. The championship brought fat

dividends and was not likely to be relinquished lightly. As a consequence, the blind eye would be turned towards any would-be champion who appeared to be at all capable of dethroning the title-holder. In most instances the champion would eventually be forced by the pressure of public opinion to defend his title, but at the period under review there was a champion known as Battling Nelson, a thick-skinned and hard-headed Dane, who snapped his fingers at public opinion and steered clear of a gentleman named Packey McFarland.

At all events, Fred Welsh, a native of Pontypridd, whose real name was Fred Hall Thomas, won the world's light-weight championship in 1914, and won it well, yet he could not beat McFarland. I saw them both at their best, and I have no hesitation in saying that the American was the better boxer.

In their great contest at the National Sporting Club on May 30, 1910, we had a vivid contrast in styles. If a student of scientific boxing, knowing nothing of the two men in question, had been taken to the ringside whilst the bout was in progress and then asked to name which was the American, he would certainly have pointed to Welsh.

**WHEN WELSH WAS BEATEN.**

Welsh and McFarland first met in Milwaukee in February, 1908, when McFarland won on points in a 10-round contest. Welsh was not satisfied, and said had the distance been longer he could have beaten his man. This being the excuse, McFarland thought it would put the matter beyond doubt if they had a return contest over the marathon course of 25 rounds. They met at Los Angeles on Independence Day, 1908, and put up a great battle, but the verdict was a draw, always an unsatisfactory ending.

Neither man was really satisfied and it was inevitable that they should have a third meeting. All the same, it took two years before they would finally agree to terms for a third contest. Welsh was a wily customer. Not for nothing was he known as the Welsh Wizard. He was not only wily in the ring, where he knew every trick there was to be known, but he believed in winning as much of the battle before he signed articles as was possible.

He was a great stickler for his own terms, and it was because he wanted to get McFarland into the ring at an unsuitable weight, that is to say, unsuitable to the American, that it took so long to bring them together for the third time.

Welsh knew that he could not afford to concede the smallest point to his great rival, and it was because he knew how difficult it was for McFarland to make the light-weight limit that he thought he was on velvet with twenty-five rounds at Los Angeles, feeling sure that his opponent's strength would give out long before the end. The wonder is that it did not. At the weigh-in McFarland was dried out to such an extent that immediately after passing the scales he emptied the water jug and called for more.

That was his greatest difficulty. He would have been at his best around 10st., or a little over, but as there was no longer any championship at this weight, he had to boil himself down to 9st. 9lb. To think that he was so good in spite of the difficulty in getting down to weight is sufficient to stamp

him as a boxer of the highest class, yet in years to come it is quite likely that the name of McFarland may be completely forgotten because his name is not included in any list of world champions.

For my part, I count it high among the many bright spots of my recollections that I had the good fortune to see this brilliant American box at his best. I saw him in all his moods when he came here in 1910, and used to spend a lot of time at his training camp at Jack Straw's Castle, at Hampstead, and I can say that if anyone had the right to that glibly-applied title "one of nature's gentlemen," it was Patrick McFarland, of Chicago.

He had a lot of worry over making the weight, but that was light compared to the way he worried over whether he would get a square deal. Even at this distance of time, more than 30 years later, I can recall how I laughed at his fears on this head, and told him that he didn't know how high they counted the reputation of straight-dealing at the National Sporting Club. Such a crime as a crooked decision was not only unthinkable, I insisted, but it just could not happen.

I wished I had not been quite so emphatic. That McFarland won this memorable battle with his great rival is beyond question. In fact, he won by such a

clear margin that to give the verdict against him was scarcely possible, and the referee (I can still picture his pained perplexity) said his decision was a draw.

The upshot was that Mr. Bettinson called a meeting of the N.S.C. committee, and after a full inquiry, it was decided that the referee should never again be permitted to officiate in any capacity at the National Sporting Club.

Everyone present at that fight enjoyed every moment of it, but very few felt happy about that decision. It was generally agreed that such superb boxing skill as revealed by the American was worthy of its full reward—victory. To a large number present it was a revelation. Many of the members did all they could to assure McFarland that his display had been magnificent.

I must certainly place on record the fact that Packey never uttered a word of complaint. On the contrary, he told me that he would always preserve among his cherished memories the fine reception he had been given in this country, and the warmth of applause that followed his display. Yes, indeed, Packey was a gentleman.

## HOW "TIPPERARY" WAS BORN

By Ronald Garth

"TIPPERARY" is a song that helped us to win the last war. Submariners hummed it as they slid through the Skagerrak.

Behind this song of songs you'll find a strange story. There are many yarns about the way it began, but this is the real McCoy.

Two folk in show business, Winifred Ray and her hubby, were in digs in Darwen in 1912, when they met a fellow musician named Jack Judge.

**BIRTH OF A WINNER.** "I've got a song that'll smash 'em to smithereens!" Jack told his fellow boarders. "You shall hear it when we've had a bit of supper after the show."

After a meal of fish and chips Jack Judge sat down at the piano and vamped out the song which has since gone round the world.

The Rays were so attracted by it that they decided to include it in their act. And they paid 11s. 6d., and parts included, for the rights to do so. The first copy of "Tipperary" ever made was just scrawled out in pen and ink on two rough sheets of paper.

The first night Winifred sang it in a music-hall the audience roared for more.

**MORE RAYS.** Winifred ran over her al-

lotted time and completely disorganised the bill. The audience wanted it again and again. After that Jack Judge took pages in the theatrical papers advertising Winifred Ray and her "Tipperary." He spent so much money advertising the song that he actually made very little out of it. The two men who wrote "Pack Up Your Troubles" received only £100 prize from a music company for the best marching song; and Jack Judge did very little better with "Tipperary."

Yet "Tipperary" was a panto song at Manchester as early as 1912, and sometimes there were three or four people in the same programme all singing "Tipperary" in a different style. In 1914 Winifred began to drop the song from her act, fearing it had outlived its popularity. But she sang it to the troops—they wanted something to remind them of home—and the song came into its own again.

**EVEN THE PARROT.** By this time even Winifred Ray's parrot could sing the chorus in a cracked voice! And "Tipperary" has sold 27,000,000 copies to date!

## A Family Greeting — and NEWS FROM HOME for Ldg/Smn SIDNEY COOPER



WE wonder if you knew how much it would mean to your wife when you inscribed a message on the cigarette case you gave your wife, Leading Seaman Sidney Cooper?

"Next to memories of our honeymoon, it is my most treasured possession," Mrs. Cooper told "Good Morning" when we visited her at 1 Gille Avenue, East Ham.

We also noticed a locket she wears on her tie. It has your photograph inside. You may be able to see it in the picture.

Here are a lot of messages for you, Sidney.

Your mother and father are well and keeping very busy. Brother Bill, in the Royal Marines, who was home when I called, was packing his bag after nine days' leave. He says

he has spent most of the week with George Mayes. He added that you would guess where they spent most of the time. George sends kind regards.

Your brother-in-law, Ralph, has just been promoted to 2nd Lieut. in the Home Guard, and his brother, Tom, it is learned, is a prisoner in Japanese hands.

Mary, your wife's friend in her home town, has just had a baby; your wife said she's as thrilled as the mother.

When we went into the garden to take some family photographs, a two-year-old baby put his head through the fence and yelled. It was Roy, Lillian's baby. He promptly joined the group. They tell me you haven't seen him since he was a few days old. He's a cute kiddie, and should occupy quite a lot of your time next leave.

The tomatoes in the garden were getting ripe, and your father was justifiably proud of his efforts. When we asked him if you did any gardening when you were home he just laughed.

Guess you are the best judge as to what that signified. He added that most of your spare time was spent taking clocks to pieces. He's a great sport, your father. You and he must get a kick out of swapping yarns. One in particular that amused us was about the one occasion on which the family enticed, or forced, you into the Central. Your wife and Bill enjoyed that joke, too.

Talking of you, your wife, and leave, she already has firm plans in her mind regarding your next visit home. If there are any Abbott and Costello films in London then you will see them. If the swimming baths are open then you will go swimming. The same applies to dancing. Only that is supposed to be a surprise for you.



# QUIZ for today

1. A schnauzer is a German judge, a cocktail, a dog, a gardening tool, a South American fruit?
2. Who wrote (a) "The Four Georges," (b) "Three Men on the Bummel"?
3. Which of the following is an intruder, and why: Rubens, Titian, Raphael, Palestrina, Velasquez?
4. What is a native of New-castle called?
5. Who said, "Come into the garden, Maud?"
6. What is the plural of hiatus?
7. Which of the following are mis-spelt: Lionize, Opopanax, Linolium, Pincers, Moindre, Ellipse?
8. How many joints are there in a fly's leg?
9. Who "Sees it Through" in one of H. G. Wells's novels?
10. Correct, "The cup" that cheers but not inebriate." Who wrote it?
11. Charles I was beheaded in 1629, 1649, 1659, 1669?
12. Complete the pairs: (a) Cain and —; (b) David and —.

## Answers to Quiz in No. 166

1. Sword.
2. (a) Samuel Butler, (b) Ethel M. Dell.
3. Quilts is not a ball game; the others are.
4. Salopian.
5. Byron.
6. Mother-of-pearl.
7. Rissoles, Odious.
8. Thirteen.
9. Character in Borrow's "Lavengro."
10. "Of glorious life." Sir Walter Scott.
11. 1759.
12. (a) Albert, (b) Daisy.

# WANGLING WORDS—123.

- 1.—Replace the asterisks with the same two letters, in the same order, in each of the following, and make four words: \*A\*E, \*E\*A\*, \*I\*E, \*I\*K.
- 2.—Rearrange the letters in each of the following to make four articles of furniture: ABDEORRW, AACHIMRR, ABERUU, DEERRSS.
- 3.—Alter one letter at a time, and making a new word with each alteration, change: WIRE into CLIP, BEAR into STAG, SAME into YARN, LAMP into WICK.
- 4.—How many four-letter and five-letter words can you make from CHESTERFIELD?

## Answer to Wangling Words—No. 122

- 1.—INCHPIN.
- 2.—STOKE POGES.
- 3.—HANG, BANG, BANS, BATS, OATS, ORTS, ORES, OPES, OPEN, OVEN, OVER, LAMB, LAME, CAME, CARE, BARE, BARD, HARD, HERD, HEED, REED, REEF, BEEF, FLAG, FLAT, FLIT, SLIT, SLIP, SHIP, WELL, WELD, HELD, HOLD, HOLE, DOLE, DONE.
- 4.—Star, Rats, Slat, Salt, Tail, Last, Lion, Lain, Nail, Lorn, Torn, Sail, Tarn, Rant, Rain, Rail, Liar, Soil, Silt, Rots, Slit, Last, Lost, List, etc. Talon, Saint, Train, Slant, Start, Satan, Natal, Trail, Lions, Trait, Salon, Rains, Stain, Snail, Roast, Stilt, Stair, etc.

There's nothing half so sweet in life as Love's young dream.

Thomas Moore  
(1779-1825).

For just experience tells, in every soil,  
That those who think must govern those that toll.  
Goldsmith.

# "I know how the Captain will die"

## THE WORST CRIME IN THE WORLD

By G. K. CHESTERTON

(By permission of Mrs. G. K. Chesterton).

"YES," repeated Father Brown, "young Musgrave killed his father."

"But his father is at the castle," Granby cried in sharp tones.

"His father is in the moat," said the priest, "and I was fool enough not to have known it from the first when something bothered me about that suit of armour. Don't you remember the look of that room? How very carefully it was arranged and decorated?"

"There were two crossed battle-axes hung on one side of the fireplace, two crossed battle-axes on the other. There was a round Scottish shield on one, a round Scottish shield on the other. And there was a stand of armour guarding one side of the hearth—but an empty space on the other. Nothing will make me believe that a man who arranged all the rest of the room with that exaggerated symmetry left that one feature of it lopsided. There was almost certainly another man in armour. And what has become of him?"

Father Brown paused a moment, and then went on in a more matter-of-fact tone:—

"When you come to think of it, it's a very good plan for a murder, and meets the permanent problem of the disposal of the body. The body could stand inside that complete tilting-armour for hours—or even days—while servants came and went; until the murderer could simply drag it out in the dead of night and lower it into the moat, without even crossing the drawbridge. And then what a good chance he ran!"

"As soon as the body was at all decayed in the stagnant water there would sooner or later be nothing but a skeleton in fourteenth-century armour, a thing very likely to be found in the moat of an old Border castle. It was unlikely that anybody would look for anything there, but if they did, that would be all they would find. And I got some confirmation of that."

"That was when you said I was looking for a rare plant; it was a plant in a good many senses, if you'll excuse the grim jest. I saw the marks of two feet sunk so deep in the solid

bank I was sure that the man was either very heavy or was carrying something very heavy. Also, by the way, there's another moral from that little incident when we jumped the moat."

"My brain is rather reeling," said Granby, "but I begin to have some notion of what all this nightmare is about. What about our jumping the moat?"

"At the post office to-day," said Father Brown, "I casually confirmed the statement the baronet made to me yesterday, that he had been there just after closing-time on the day previous—that is, not only on the very day we arrived, but at the very time we arrived. Don't you see what that means?"

"It means," continued the priest, "that he was actually out when we called, and came back while we were waiting; and that is why we had to wait

moat—for the bridge wasn't lowered till later. I rather guess he had hampered it himself to delay inconvenient visitors, to judge by the rapidity with which it was repaired. But that doesn't matter."

"What does matter—is the picture I saw. I saw that fancy picture of a black figure with grey hair taking a flying leap across the moat, and I knew instantly that it was a young man dressed up as an old man. And there you have the whole story."

"You mean," said Granby slowly, "that this pleasing youth killed his father, hid the corpse first in the armour, and then in the moat, disguised himself, and so on?"

"They happened to be almost exactly alike," said the priest. "You could see from the family portraits how strong the likeness ran. And then you talk of his disguising himself. But,

## TO-DAY'S PICTURE QUIZ



She's ace-high at ice-cream scoffing, an expert horsewoman, and altogether a super child star. Perhaps you saw her take the mike out of Mickey Rooney once. Remember her? Answer to Picture Quiz in No. 166: Ginger Rogers.

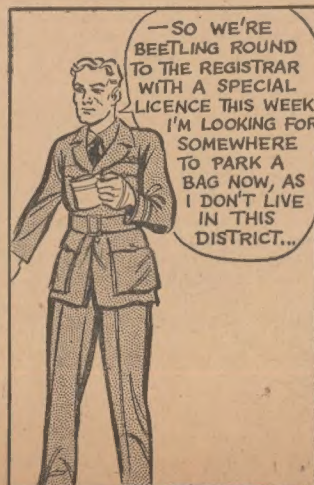
so long. And when I saw that, I suddenly saw a picture that told the whole story."

"Well," asked the other, impatiently, "and what about it?"

"An old man can walk," said Father Brown. "An old man can even walk a good deal, pottering about in country lanes. But an old man can't jump! Yet, if the baronet came back while we were waiting, he must have come in as we came in—by jumping the

in a sense, everybody's dress is a disguise. The old man disguised himself in a wig, and the young man in a foreign-looking beard. When he shaved and put the wig on his cropped head, he was exactly like his father, with a little make-up. Of course, now you understand why he was so very polite about getting you up here next day by car. He got in front of you—came here by train that night—committed his crime, assumed his disguise, and was ready for the legal negotiations."

## JANE



## CROSSWORD CORNER

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29		30		31		32		
33			34			35		
36			37					
38						39		

### CLUES ACROSS.

- 1 Soft linen.
- 5 Split up.
- 10 Helped.
- 11 Wet spongy ground.
- 12 Observe.
- 13 Gradually going.
- 15 Work hard.
- 31 Landlord.
- 17 Employ.
- 18 Scottish county.
- 19 At all.
- 21 Train.
- 26 Separate entry.
- 27 Compass point.
- 29 Advisable.
- 33 Open out.
- 35 Ottoman.
- 36 Nourished.
- 37 Caluminate.
- 38 Deals with.
- 39 Due amount.

### CLUES DOWN.

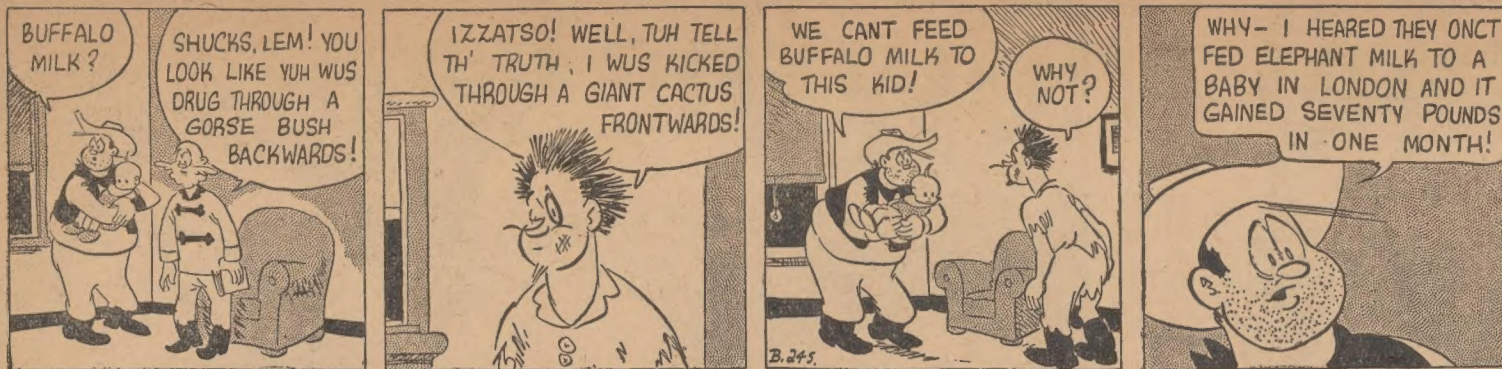
- 1 Carriage.
- 2 White shade.
- 3 Kind.
- 4 Bound.
- 5 Unprotected.
- 6 Girl's name.
- 7 Stork-like bird.
- 8 Recipient.
- 9 Farm produce.
- 14 Musical two-some.
- 16 Painful affliction.
- 20 Occurred.
- 22 Yellow flowered herb.
- 23 Make certain.
- 24 Pulled sharply.
- 25 Disjoin.
- 28 Norwegian.
- 29 Woof.
- 30 Vein of ore.
- 32 Front of ship.
- 34 Tank.

DEW CLEFT  
CELEBRATE  
CUBAN OCHRE  
HEAT POKERS  
A RESIN LET  
PP DOLED TA  
TOP BERT T  
ELOPED FACE  
RISER TIROS  
TELLTALES  
TESTY YES

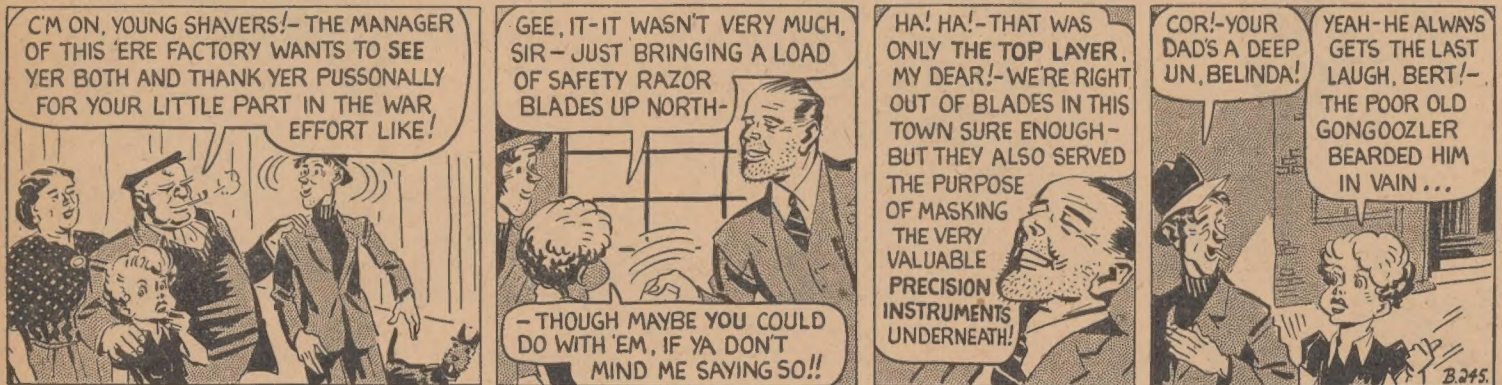
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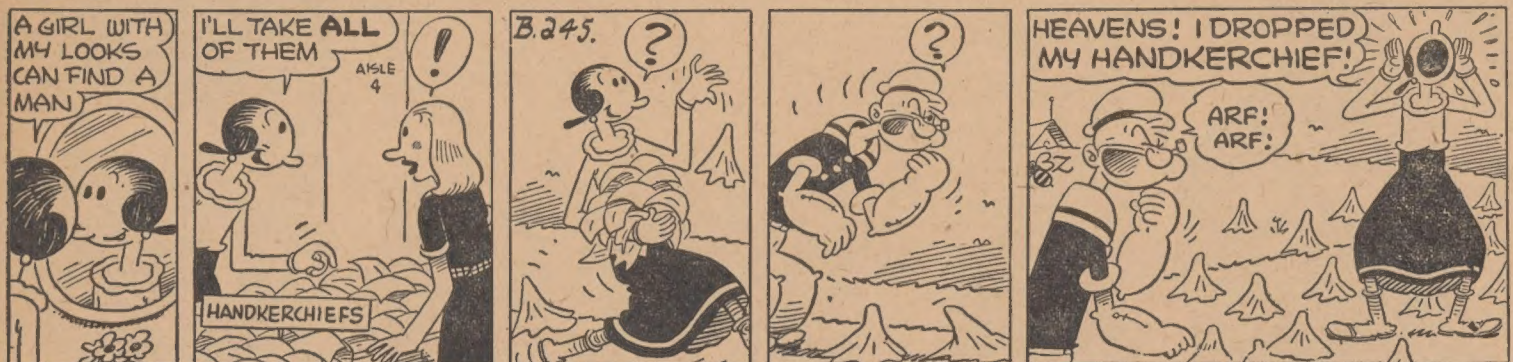
## BEELZEBUB JONES



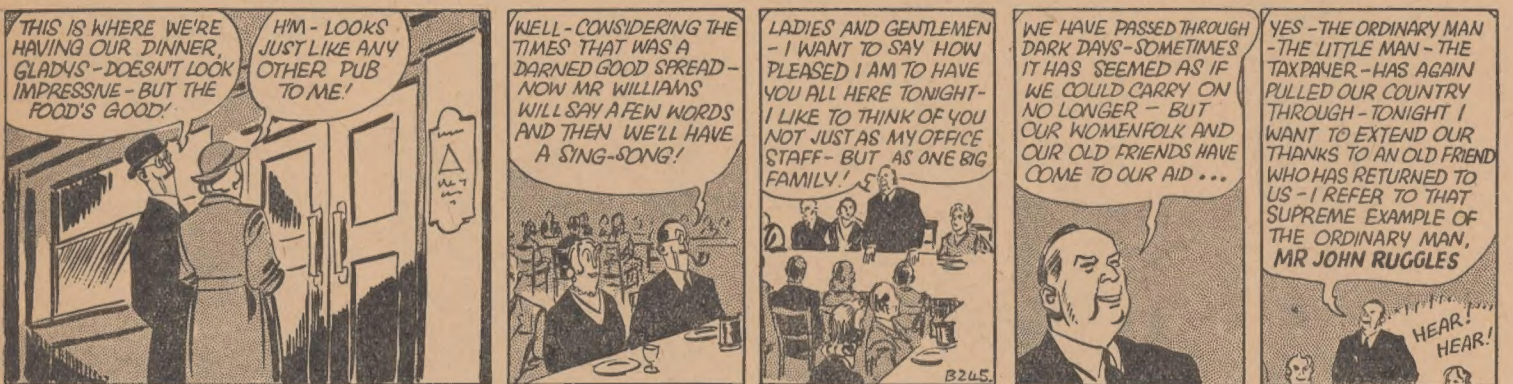
## BELINDA



## POPEYE



## RUGGLES



## GARTH



## JUST JAKE



## Dog stars stage come-back

By RONALD RICHARDS



**DOGS** have come back into favour with movie-makers and are being used to an extent not equalled since Rin-Tin-Tin died and the "pad-dog" went out over ten years ago.

"Pad-dogs" were trained to rip the padded seats out of a comedian's trousers as he went over a fence, or to tear his equally padded leg. They used to be stock players in every comedy, and though not as famous as Rin-Tin-Tin, made almost as much money.

"Pee-Dee" (initials for pad-dog) made over £100 a week in the old Keystone Komedies.

But popular tastes in comedy changed, and no new dog stars came along, and for quite a while canine actors dropped out of films almost entirely.

For the past year or so, though, dogs have gradually been coming back, and every now and again studios have to bid against each other for a dog, which makes things pleasanter for the trainers.

## ALMOST A STAR.

Almost a star of "My Friend Flicka"—20th Century-Fox's Technicolor production of Mary O'Hara's best-selling novel—is "Shep," a yellowish-white collie, who plays Roddy McDowall's pal in the picture.

"Shep" comes into the picture quite a lot, so that if he displays enough personality he has a chance of becoming a name-dog.

Director Harold Schuster promised "Shep's" trainer that he would give the collie a screen credit if he earned it. This is important, because dogs haven't been getting screen credits very often recently.

Of course, "Asta" and "Daisy," in "The Thin Man" and "Blondie" series respectively, have been doing all right and are working currently as they have been for several years.

There is a new collie called "Pal" who will also be given a chance to star in "Lassie, Come Home," which will also star Roddy McDowall.

A police dog named "Kazan" was featured as a blind detective's dog in "Eyes in the Night," and will be used in future pictures with the same characters.

## TRAINING BROTHERS.

"Tito," a yellow mut who did an excellent piece of work in "Dr. Cyclops," is much in demand, although he has not been featured as yet.

The Cairn terrier "Romulus," who worked in "Gone With The Wind," is busy, and Fox are considering a starring picture with "Buck," Carl Spitz's big St. Bernard.

Mack Weatherwax is one of four brothers who have been supplying over half the dogs for pictures.

All four of the brothers are now on locations, as is their father, who founded the business over twenty years ago.

How well the dogs are doing in pictures can be judged when you know that this is the first time that more than three of the Weatherwax's have been working at the same time.

**Send your Stories,  
Jokes and ideas  
to the Editor**

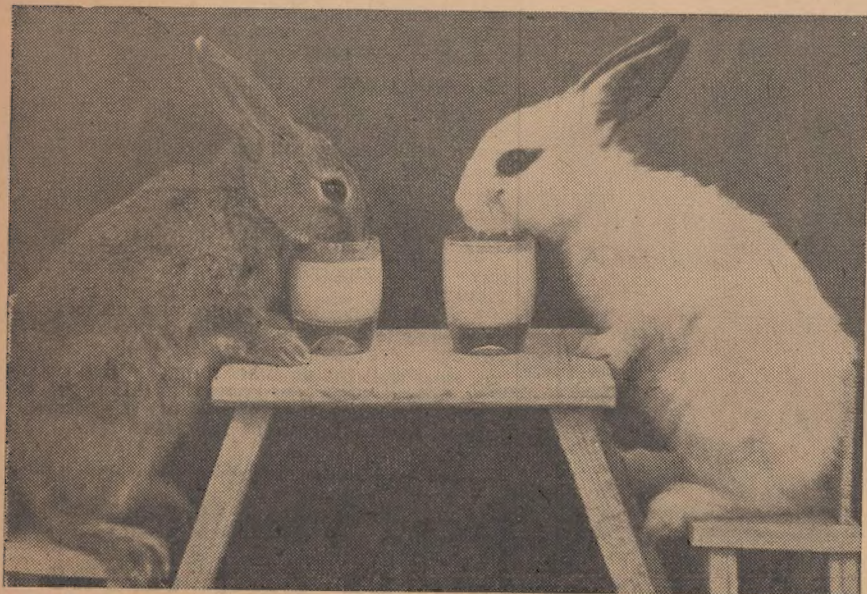


# Good Morning

All communications to be addressed to: "Good Morning," C/o Press Division, Admiralty, London, S.W.1.



Somebody is thinking very sweetly of somebody. If your left ear isn't burning, Submariner, then those gorgeous eyes are just wasting their time.



"Yes . . . but the way she said it. THAT was what annoyed me."  
"Oh, shucks! Get on with your milk. I warned you about her, but you took no notice."



"What on earth are you two doing?" "Sssh! Can't you see we're on a magic carpet, and Fido's taking us RIGHT up into the skies."



## This England

Are you a Lake District lover? Then this early morning mist at Grange, Barrowdale, is going to revive some happy memories.



"'All Clear,' chaps. The enemy appears to have made a strategic retirement."

### SHIP'S CAT SIGNS OFF

"That reminds me . . . PIG'S EAR."

